Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan ſhall be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eeſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What ſayſt thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my love) my horſe.

La. Our you mad-headed ape, a weezel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In fayth ile know your buſines, *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his title, and hath ſent for you to line his enterprize, but if

Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love. (you goe.

La. Come, come, you Parraquito, anſwer me directly unto this queſtion that I ſhall aske: in fayth i'le breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot Away, away, you trifler, love; I love thee not;
I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt have bloody noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me my horſe.
What ſaiſt thou *Kate*, what woulds thou have with me?

La. Doe you not love me? doe you not indeede?
Well, doe not then? for ſince you love me not,
I will not love my ſelfe. Doe you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeake in jeſt, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe-backe, I will ſweare,
I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me
Whither I goe: nor reaſon whereabout:
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave you, gentle *Kate*,
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman and for ſecrecy,
Nay Lady cloſer, for I will beleeve,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 THE BODLEIAN